THE WILMERDING LIFE

OCTOBER, '06.

A. McDonald C. W. Collett

The Mission Elite Tailors

MISSION STREET, at 18th Street

The Only First Class Tailoring Establishment in the Mission.

Suits to Order, $20.00 Up. See our Swell Window Display.

All Garments Made on Premises.

GETLESON'S

1993 MISSION, AT 16th STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Pure Home Made Candies, Ice Cream, Ices and Candies delivered free to all parts of the City.

Churches, Parties and Lodges supplied at

SPECIAL PRICES

The Wilmerding Life

W. B. CLAWSON & CO.

HIGH-CLASS PRINTERS

1065 WASHINGTON ST.

Phone Oakland 8933 Oakland, Cal.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Football as It Will Be	5
He's Coming Next Year	8
Across the Desert	11
The Camera Club Outing	14
The Cause of the Earthquake	16
School Notes	19
Editorial	22
Athletics	24
Reunion of '09's Basket Ball Team in 1959	30
Jokes	31

Our Team

Football as It Will Be.

By C. Wallen, '07.

It was in the year 1936 when I thought I would take a short trip from Baltimore back to old 'Frisco. I had been working as Accident Adjuster of the Pacific-Atlantic Aerial Navigation Co., and I sadly needed a rest. A two weeks' stay in the old home would not hurt me any, and, as it was in the fall, I would have a chance to witness the annual gridiron struggle between the two great institutions of learning, Wilmerding and Lick.

Oh, no! Football had not died out. There was some agitation raised by President Roosevelt in the year 1906 against the brutality of the game, but after a year's lull the pigskin squeezers were hard at it again. I had not witnessed a game since I had left the old school, when scores were piled up against us, and I was indeed anxious to see what the new generation was doing in the heroic line.

San Francisco, as a few may remember, was slightly jarred by a tremblor in the spring of '96, but by the year 1910 all traces of this had been erased. Mayor Schmitz and the graft administration had been cleared away with the debris and were no more. The city flourished as it gained control of the railroads and other public utilities until it was at last the leading city of the United States. It had also become the center of learning, containing the two greatest brain-developers in the United States, namely the Wilmerding and Lick schools. All mankind looked up to these for wisdom, in other words, they were "It."

Well, so much for the overture. I must "drive on," as they say. I left Baltimore at 9:32 Monday evening on one of the company's aerial flyers and was literally whisked away, arriving in 'Frisco at exactly 9:30 the same evening, being only two minutes late. You fellows might figure out how I got there, I can't. Maybe it would interest some of my readers to know the novel way in which travelers were treated. I was first bundled into a suit of rubber which was inflated with air in the same manner as a diver's suit. This was to make me bounce in case of an accident. I was then carried into a long, round room like the inside of a pipe. Here we were all strapped to a long girder running the length of the vessel. When all was ready the anchors were cast off and we steadily rose to a height of one billion and three-fourths feet. The huge two million horse-power engine was then put in motion and we set out with a speed of 'steen miles per hour. The huge shell in which we were placed revolved like a projectile from a gun, but as we were strapped to the girder, which acted as an axis, we were always in an upright position. No stops were made as this was in truth a "flyer." We reached our destination, as you will see by the time, before we started, and then we were late (Mr. Brewer can explain how it was done by Kinematics), but as our heads were

still on our necks we were satisfied.

I was very tired and went directly to the new Palace Hotel, where I was assigned to a comfortable suite of rooms on the twenty-third floor, which was twenty-three stories from the top, and also twenty-three stories from the bottom. From my window I had an extensive view of the city, and as I gazed out I could hear the yells of many enthusiastic students who were holding a midnight rally at the corner of Third and Market streets. The streets presented a gala appearance, being strung with myriads of electric bulbs, and even the distant hills were aglow with gold, blue and black fires, kept burning by rival rooters.

Having gazed on the festive scene for a while, I went to bed and slept soundly until I was rudely awakened by hearing the hotel orchestra playing the old Wilmerding slogan, "Sammy Told the Maid." Ah! the good old song. It put new life in me and I hurriedly dressed and made my way to the dining room.

Here indeed was doings. Everything and everyone was Lick and Wilmerding. Young and old talked themselves hoarse on the different merits of the two teams. I ate my breakfast in silence, feeling I was a back number, a dead issue and deserved a back seat. I sallied forth, however, after breakfast and spent the morning seeing the city in holiday attire. All business was to be suspended at 12 o'clock, as everyone attended the game.

I was too excited to eat any lunch. All cars led to the grounds, so I stepped on the first one that came along and was soon at the entrance. Jamming through the gate I gazed on the arena. Say! the Colosseum at Rome wasn't in it! Neither was the Athletic Grounds at the Park. For a quarter of a mile was a vast field, networked with iron tracks and flanked on all four sides by grandstands. I paused. The grandstands were all right; so were the people, but the fact that the field was honeycombed with tracks beat me. Well, of course the only thing to do was to wait and see, so I went over to the grandstand, got in an elevator and was conveyed to my seat, which was one hundred and thirty-six steps from the ground. I spent the time listening to the rooters yelling their heads off and to the two steam calliopes which furnished the music.

At precisely 2:30 (notice the precisely) a whistle was blown and all grew as still as death. From a door on the right emerged the two teams. Did I say the two teams? Well, I didn't mean it. In reality there were eleven figures incased in the steel armor of the ancients, only different. They silently wheeled along the tracks until they were lined up for the kick-off.

In the interval which followed, waiting for the referee's whistle, I turned to my neighbor and blurted out:

"Say, what's up? What do you call this?"

"This—why, you big dummy, where are you from—this is a football game," he retorted sharply.

"Ye'es, but—now—when—what?" was all I could stammer.

"Say, where are you from, man? Don't you see? Ain't you next? Those are the players; they roll along those tracks like a street car. That big building fur-

nishes the power for the game. Those two men down in front are the captains. They work the power and the men go wherever they are steered, whether they want to or not. See?"

Oh, yes, I saw easy enough! When the whistle blew I sat up determined to see or die.

The thing was a farce, sure! Lick had the kick-off, and their full made a beautiful kick, sending it right into the hands of Wilmerding's steel armored half-back. The game was on.

There was a fierce splutter and a brilliant display of sparks and the man started to move. A crash and a clank and he was down. First down. They lined up speedily, the quarter signaled with his hands, the ball was passed, and a center-buck was made. There was a sickening thud and Wilmerding had gained her yards. The same thing was tried with the same result, until Wilmerding was on their five yard line. Then one more terrific buck! Lo! The ball had been fumbled! Lick's full-back had it and was whizzing down the field with the Wilmerding quarter in pursuit. It was to be a race between motors. The Lick man was nearing his goal when there was a sharp report, a bright flash and the crowd settled back in despair. He had blown a fuse out. Time was called for repairs and then the game went on. It was the same thing, buck, end run, fumble, and "time out" to repair some fellow who had received too heavy a charge. It was indeed a battle of automatons.

The first half was over and the second had been called with the score still 0 to 0. But the same result seemed inevitably to occur. The men seemed like demons. There were five minutes to play and Lick had just fumbled the ball on their 10 yard line. The signal was given for the Wilmerding half to take the ball around the end. He got a good start and, with the whole team either as interference or shoving him, he was rapidly making his way up the field toward the goal.

Suddenly there was a shriek. The Wilmerding captain threw up his hands in despair.

"The switch is broke!" he cried. "Nothing can stop them!"

The horror-stricken crowd rose to their feet. The two iron-clads were coming like a runaway engine straight toward the place in which I was standing. They crossed the goal line, and with a crash struck the stand and I felt myself falling, until I saw a hand on my shoulder and heard a voice which said:

"Got a check, Wallen? No? What did you have? Two pies and some coffee? All right. Say, old man, what's the matter? You look sleepy!"

Vevala, Vevala
He! Ho! Ha!
Wilmerding, Wilmerding,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

He's Coming Next Year.

By C. B. G.

"Jennie," called a sharp, penetrating voice from the kitchen door of the boarding house, "come here."

I said boarding house—that is what those familiar with that establishment termed it, but Mrs. Thomson, the proprietress, held a different opinion. Anyone scanning the "Summer Resort" column of advertisements in the "San Francisco *Examiner* would have noticed this attractive insertion:

The Oak Grove Summer Resort.

An ideal place for exclusive people to spend their summer vacation.

R___ Santa Clara Co., Cal.

As there was no immediate response to Mrs. Thomson's call, she bustled back through the house and out through a side door onto the extensive veranda, comfortably furnished with hammocks and cozy corners. It was a cool, inviting retreat, being shaded from the afternoon sun by the huge oaks above and the trailing ivy on the trellis-work of the sides and roof.

The care-worn woman sank into an easy chair with a weary sigh and regarded her daughter, dozing in the hammock opposite, with indulgent and ill-concealed pride. Jennie was a girl accustomed to household duties and the obeyance of her mother's strict discipline. Now in her seventeenth summer, she appeared to all who met her as a sensible, modest and decidedly pretty girl. Plenty of outdoor exercise, coupled with plain food and a country girl's simple pleasures, had given her a graceful figure and a clear complexion, with a suggestion of tan from the August sun. Half concealing a wealth of light brown hair and protecting her face from an obtrusive fly, was arranged a sofa pillow.

"Jennie," coaxed Mrs. Thomson, "wake up and listen to me a minute. I received a note this morning from a young man in the city, a young lawyer, I believe. He has engaged a room for six weeks and will be here on the evening train. I want you to have John hitch up the horse for you and go and meet him. You can take the surrey and bring Mamie back with you. She'll enjoy a few days' hunting and ripe fruit, I'm sure."

"All right, Mummy," Jennie answered, as she untangled her dainty feet from the ropes and languidly rose and sauntered into the house.

In half an hour she was seated in the surrey, her gloved hands firmly grasping the reins and whip. With a farewell nod to her mother, she touched up the horse and was soon bowling along the dusty county road, passing occasionally under the scattered oaks which threw their welcome shade across the road.

When Jennie reached town she drove directly to her friend Mamie's house and soon received a hearty consent to her invitation. Together they drove down the main street, attending to errands; this giving the seductive Mamie a chance to purchase a box of chocolates for imme-

diate consumption. Then, with time on their hands, the two girls drove directly to the station. Not a few were the young men, aye, and envious town girls also, who admired Jennie and her companion. Mamie was a pronounced blonde and the belle of the town, yet, like Jennie, she was reserved, sensible and universally considered a credit to her only parent, her father, the town physician.

The stage drove up with its customary rattle and flourish, to emit a boisterous crowd of highly flurried town "sports." They had hardly seated themselves comfortably on the baggage trucks when the screeching whistle of the approaching train developed a desire among them to line up beside the track, convenient to stare the passengers out of countenance —an accomplishment familiar with most all "depot loungers."

Having become seriously intent upon a discussion concerning the method of securing a swarm of bees, Jennie and her companion were completely oblivious of any duty they were to extend to a certain young man, when they were interrupted by the query of a calm voice:

"Excuse me, but is this the 'bus to take to Oak Grove?'

A quick glance of amusement passed between the two girls, then Jennie replied with a bewitchingly innocent voice:

"Yes, this is the customary conveyance used for that purpose."

The young man glanced first at Jennie, then at Mamie, turned a little red and, handing Jennie his neat card, mumbled:

"Oh—er—thank you—very much. I'll get my suit case and an expressman to deliver my trunk."

While the young man found an "expressman" in the person of Farmer Jones, a neighbor of Mrs. Thomson's, the girls were speculating on the probability of making a hit as they passed through town. Naturally, they were disappointed when James L. Bruce returned and hesitatingly announced that he didn't care to trouble them and had found excellent accommodation with Farmer Jones. Mamie now rose to the emergency and entreatingly exclaimed:

"Oh, now, don't ride in that old lumber wagon; it's no trouble at all for us." Indeed it wasn't, she was quite right. The simple appeal in her eyes was too much for him, so, with an awkwardness born of embarrassment, he placed his light suit case and gun case on the rear seat and clambered in.

Mr. Bruce was not a homely young man, but rather handsome. To the country people he looked quite a swell in his light gray worsted, Panama and twinkling patent kids. Now he had a better chance to admire the "'bus" driver and her fair companion. Both wore dainty summer hats and immaculate white summer suits, with open-necked waists. Above all, he admired their radiant health and unassumed expression.

As they passed through town the young lawyer set his eyes firmly on a haystack in a distant field, nevertheless he was positive that the whole populace had their eyes riveted on him and his companions. Some may think that being stared at is nothing and that it is one's own fault if he allows himself to feel annoyed, but when it comes to a sensitive person, it is most aggravating.

As they left the town behind them and got well out into the country the setting sun displayed a glorious scene as it left the dark green orchards and vineyards in shadow and changed the grain fields and grass lands of the foothills to a rich gold, diminishing to a lovely violet as it threw its last rays among the rugged mountains in the distance. The river lay a burnished sheet of silver as it wound its way to the brink of the western sky, through the gray tule land far to the left. It was cool and pleasant and James Bruce, not being a particularly conversational person, reclined against the cushions and enjoyed the scenery, just the sight for one seeking relaxation from the toil and grind of a great city. Also, he was becoming more composed and was ready to help himself to the proffered box of chocolates.

Mamie, having elicited a detailed account of his ride from the city, began an animated conversation on the fruit-growing industry of the valley. It seemed all too soon to Mr. Bruce as they neared the hotel and he suddenly awoke to the fact that he was going to spend some very happy days on his vacation.

The young lawyer was delighted with the cordial welcome extended him by Mrs. Thomson and with the excellent cooking and general neatness of the whole place. But he was simply overjoyed when he found his place at the table was just between the two girls. After dinner he found himself lured out to the house-orchard to try "the loveliest figs ever." Now Mr. Bruce was a novice at fruit picking, and eating figs was something entirely new to him. He consumed a fig whole, stem and all, and would have gallantly kept at it had Jennie not given him a hint, while Mamie was searching among the leaves.

For that kindness Bruce declared to himself that Jennie was the right kind of a girl to know, instead of one who would have ridiculed his mistake. It was soon too dark to find more figs, so they returned to the house and enjoyed some music.

Again Jennie displayed her thoughtfulness by remarking that Bruce must be tired and that it was high time they bid him good-night.

The six weeks went very fast. There was hunting, riding and fishing, tramps among the hills with gun and kodak, and every form of country recreation. Mamie soon dicovered that it was not for her that the Sunday trips were taken to the ice cream parlor at the drug store. It was not always by acident, either, that when Bruce sauntered off over the hill with his gun, Jennie took a walk for "exercise," and incidentally met Bruce under a great oak in Farmer Jones' pasture. There the two would sit side by side and talk for hours at a stretch. Then again, Jennie soon found the hammock in the veranda a very fascinating place to pass her evenings, especially so when Bruce sat near enjoying a cigar and relating some interesting incidents of his city life.

At last one day the horse stood once more at the gate, this time hitched to the light buggy. Again Jennie was seated in it, dressed daintily in light blue lawn, with picture hat to match. This time she wasn't holding the reins, but had reluctantly surrendered them to the enraptur-

ed young man at her side.

"Good-bye," cried Bruce blithely to the group at the gate, as he touched up the horse and turned down the lane to the county road. Mrs. Thomson, back in her garden, ceased weeding an instant to gaze at the sunshade poised gracefully above the couple in the buggy as it disappeared from view behind a hill.

"Well," she sighed to herself, "I'm sorry he's gone. I liked him and I'm sure Jennie was just carried away with him. She'll get over it in time, though. I'll just talk to her when she comes back and get her mind off him. Seems queer though, they started awful early; guess they want to see Mamie on the way." And then she continued her work.

In the meantime the horse was enjoying a prolonged rest under an oak tree, while somebody's fair hand yielded submissively to a passionate squeeze and a pair of cool, gray eyes gazed adoringly on downcast lashes and a modest blush.

As the young man bade Jennie good-bye at the station, her voice quivered and she saw his form through a mist as he tipped his hat in the vestibule for the last good-bye.

Mamie, from her window, glared jealously as Jennie passed on her way home and acknowledged her frank salute rather sullenly.

"I don't care," she muttered. "She's real mean."

Back home once more, Jennie retired immediately to her room, where an inquisitive mother soon found her carefully adjusting a small cabinet photograph on the mantel.

"Well, you got there all right?" she inquired.

"Yes," replied the girl, as she stared vacantly out of the window in the direction of the station. Then, clasping Jennie in her arms, Mrs. Thomson deftly plied her query:

"Is he going to write to you now, honey?"

"Er—yes," Jennie stuttered. "That is —I promised, and—he's coming again next year and, Mummy, I'll be eighteen then!"

Across the Desert.

By Frank Flinn

Have you ever crossed the Colorado desert?"

"No."

"Well I will describe a trip I took across it two years ago."

"In the year of 1904 I was working for a man by the name of Benton, who is a large cattle owner in the southern part of this State. He was then located on the Cuyamaca Ranch, in the mountains of San Diego county, but his lease had run out on this property, so it became necessary to look elsewhere for new range."

"Benton and another cattle man by the name of Grey leased together a tract of land known as the Blaith Estate, located on the Colorado river, about eighty miles

up from Yuma."

"They decided to drive their stock together across the desert, through the Chuckawalla mountains to the Colorado and thence up the river to the ranch."

"Grey's outfit left his home ranch on the 21st of August and we left on the morning of the 25th. Both bunches were to come together at Salton, on the desert. Mr. Grey had about 600 head of cattle, with nine men, and we had nearly 800, with ten men."

"We went down through the Oraflame Canyon, and reached The Viecietes about 2 o'clock next morning, a drive of about forty miles over the roughest kind of country."

"Everybody was tired out, horses and cattle included, so we halted there all that day. We started the herd at 4 o'clock the next evening and made Careco Creek the following morning about 8 o'clock. Here we tried to get a little sleep, but this was impossible on account of the heat. We left there that evening, driving all night through the foothills of the desert, and the next day about noon arrived at Fish Creek."

"The loneliness of this vast expanse of cactus and sand can scarcely be imagined. For miles there is not a vestige of anything that suggests human inhabitants. The only thing that broke the deathlike stillness of that night's drive was the dismal wail of a lone coyote somewhere over those shifting, deceitful hills of sand."

"After a short halt at Fish Creek, we traveled on, stopping at midnight for supper. The herd was held here for two hours, five of the boys herding while the others slept."

"Herding prevents stampedes and holds the stock together. The cattle are worked into a circular bunch and then men are detailed to ride around them to prevent them from scattering. The men are divided into watches, or 'herds,' as the cowboy terms it, one watch working while the other sleeps."

"The band left there at 2 o'clock and reached Salton about 11 o'clock the next day, where we found Grey's outfit waiting for us."

"Here we got the first good night's sleep we'd had in four days. There were so many of us that we took turns at herding and in that way got a good deal of rest."

"The next morning we went on to the Alamo River, about three hours' drive. There we stayed for two days and nights, resting and letting the horses and cattle feed upon mesquite beans and what little grass there was in the river bottom."

"We left there about daylight the third morning, traveling all that day and night without halting. The next morning we struck the Sand Hills."

"These Sand Hills are a small range of hills about 600 or 700 feet above the level of the desert. The range is composed wholly of sand, which is so fine that the wind shifts huge piles of it from place to place. This is very confusing to a traveler. The range runs at right angles to the Chuckawalla mountains in the eastern part of the desert."

"After crossing the Sand Hills we struck Glamas, a small station on the Southern Pacific railroad."

"Here Benton had shipped two carloads of hay and five cars of water. This was the only way to get water and feed to the

stock, as there was nothing to eat or drink for miles on the desert. The cattle had then been two days and nights without feed or water, and we also had suffered some. Every man carried a canteen. These we filled at every water hole, but, as watering places were often two days' ride apart, it is needless to say that we suffered some from thirst."

"After a two-day stay at Glamas we left about sundown on the hardest drive of the whole trip. This was through the Chuckawalla mountains. We drove for three days and four nights without water or feed for the cattle, and depended on our canteens and grub wagon for our own supply. Everyone suffered, especially the stock."

"The morning of the fourth day we reached the Colorado River, and a more welcome sight never appeared to a half famished band of cattle and a gaunt lot of cow-punchers. After eating breakfast and letting the cattle drink, we went up the river about a mile and camped. This ended the hardships of the trip."

"From that time on we worked slowly up the river, driving early in the morning and late in the evening, and herding at night."

"We had three herds, the first was from about 9 till 11 o'clock, second from 11 till 1 and third from 1 till a little after 3. At 3 all hands turned out to start the band. During the heat of the day we camped. It took about a week after we struck the river to get to the ranch."

"We were all glad the morning we sighted the two big cottonwood trees that marked the place where the ranch house stood."

"This ranch is opposite Ironburg, a small mining town on the Arizona side of the river."

"The next day we all went over to Ironburg and celebrated the event of our arrival, and the following morning we started back home."

"We were gone from home just a month, and a month's trip over that desolate stretch of boiling sand, coupled with a scarcity of water and a lack of sleep, makes the green mountains of San Diego county a sight better to be imagined than described."

The Camera Club Outing.

The Wilmerding Camera Club held its third monthly outing on the 23d of September. On account of the threatening weather only five of the members showed up, but these were determined to go, rain or no rain. The club left San Francisco at 7:45 A. M., on the Sausalito boat and proceeded to Mill Valley. Here we waited, hoping that more members would arrive on the next train, but as none showed up we pushed on. There was a slight rain when we started, but this soon ceased. We arrived in Redwood Canyon about 11 o'clock. Here we took some exposures, after which lunch was eaten. After dinner the club started up the north fork of the creek that runs through the canyon and secured more exposures. Returning, the same route was taken until the trail was reached. Two members took the trail over the hill, while the other three followed the road, meeting at the end of the trail.

We left Mill Valley about 4:28. A good day's outing was enjoyed by those who went and we hope to have a larger representation of the club next time.

Those who attended the outing were: Miss Hess, Bassett, Hertenstein, Chapman and Patterson.

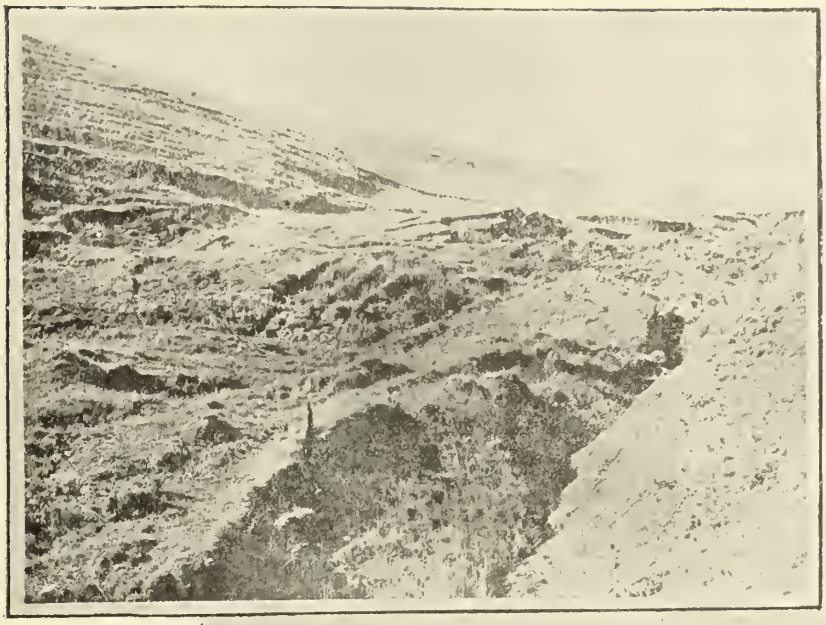
TO THE STUDENTS AND ADVERTISERS

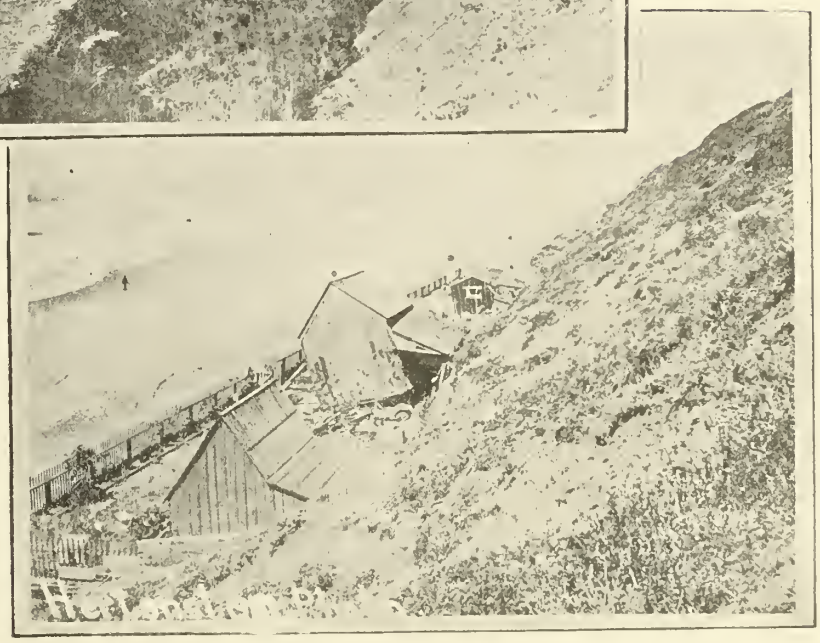
If a student wishes to purchase some shop tools, stationery, clothing, or other furnishings, it is advisable that he transact his business with a reliable firm, one, if possible, that solicits its trade through an advertisement in the said student's school paper, and also with one that keeps the best goods in stock. It is to a firm's advantage to establish its reputation for fair dealing among the students, who in turn must show the same quality. It is mainly for this reason that a firm is willing to advertise in a school paper.

An advertising agent once answered my request for an advertisement with the statement that he considered reciprocity the law of life, and as a more illustrative explanation, he stated that our students were known to patronize a like establishment, other than the one he was interested in. The only argument I could offer was that his advertisement, if attractive enough, might draw considerable trade from the other party because the newly entered students would become acquainted with the business of his firm, just as soon as they would with the other. This is but strictly a business proposition. If they don't expect to get some trade through it, we don't want them to give us their ad.

As to the inducements we offer advertisers, I wish to explain that our advertising space has been increased, purposely to admit of the insertion of an interesting school joke in the middle of each page of advertisements. Besides this,

A Landslip in Marin County.





Effects of Landslip on Houses Near Mussel Rock

the members of the advertising staff are willing to circulate the advertisers' business cards among their student acquaintances, particularly the newly entered ones from the country, who are unfamiliar with the city. Also, our paper is sent to other high schools of the State, giving to our advertiser a wider circulation of his ad.

In conclusion I wish to assure our advertisers that all students interested in the paper will do everything in their power to promote the interests of said advertisers.

And now to the students—

Patronize these men; they're all right, and they have confidence in us. Never forget to mention the

WILMERDING LIFE.

C. B. G., '09.

The Cause of the Earthquake.

By H. A. HERTENSTEIN, '07.

The interior of the earth is supposed to be a mass of hot material, which is gradually cooling off. As it cools, the crust of the earth or the earth's surface, contracts and shrivels up like the skin of a baked apple. In the weakest places the crust yields, and is forced upward, in consequence of which a mountain chain is formed.

In California, the Coast Range mountains were thus formed, rising from the sea, which formerly washed the foot of the Sierras, as is proved by the shells and other relics of the sea that are found in that range. The Coast Range is for the most part smooth rounded hills, rising in even folds parallel with each other lengthwise of the range, and in places extending into the ocean where they end in headlands, as north and south of the Golden Gate. Sharp valleys lie between the folds, and each of these valleys generally indicates the line of a crack in the earth's surface, or in geological terms, a "fault."

Among the faults in the Coast Range is one which is called the Portola-Tomales fault, discovered by Prof. John C. Branner in 1891. This fault was probably made ages ago, when the land on the west side of it, now known as the Sierra Morena Ridge and Montara mountains, was forced upwards two thousand feet. Trees and grass and rain have rounded off the masses of broken slate and other rocks, and streams have found their way along the rift, making long valleys, especially suited for reservoirs. Five of these large reservoirs were cracked through by the earthquake of April 18th. This earthquake was nothing more than a sudden movement of the land along this fault, for some two hundred miles.

The remote cause was the slow shrinking of the earth's crust by which all mountains are formed, causing stresses in the neighborhood of this fault. These stresses probably increased for years, until finally on the morning of April 18th, at 5:13 A. M., the rocks gave way. Along

the old crack the earth moved with a force that reduced the rocks to dust in many places. The movement was such that the west side of the fault in the Santa Cruz region was some three feet lower than before the earthquake, and as much higher in Marin county. In some places there was also a lateral displacement of several feet.

This movement of the earth along the old crack was the immediate cause of the earthquake. It created short, swift and violent waves in the rocks and soil, and the houses that were built upon it were severely shaken up. First came the straight waves from the nearest part of the fault; these caused no damage, and it is of these waves that most California earthquakes are composed. Next came the waves from points farther away, these coming on an angle with the first waves, some neutralizing and some reenforcing each other. The result of all these waves from various distances and from below was a series of twisting motions of great force and violence, and of every description. They were of such extraordinary variety that everything an earthquake could throw was thrown in every direction. The top of a tall chimney was thrown in one direction, the middle in another. Some chimneys fell in one direction, while some fell in another, and others did not fall at all. In one case a house shook so swiftly that the bricks of the chimney struck the side of the building while falling.

The waves, fading away, were felt by the seismographs in different parts of the world. The seismograph is an instrument for recording seismic or earthquake disturbances. Within twenty minutes after the shake in California, the instruments in Europe were recording the earthquake waves that had traversed the United States and the Atlantic ocean. At 10:23 Wednesday night in Japan—Japan Standard time—Prof. Omori, the inventor of the Omori horizontal pendulum seismograph, could tell by the records given by his instrument that a severe earthquake had occurred on the American side of the Pacific at 5:13.05, Pacific time.

The record of the earthquake taken at Washington, D. C., in the Weather Bureau laboratory, by Prof. Chas. Marvin, told him before the news had arrived from San Francisco, that a severe dislocation of the earth's crust had taken place two thousand four hundred and fifty miles from Washington. It was then 8:19 A. M. Washington time. The actual displacement of the ground at Washington was ½ inch on either side of a point of rest. The movement was so slow, however, that only a seismograph could detect it. If a record could have been obtained at San Francisco it would probably have shown a movement of several inches on each side of a point of rest.

The line of the Portola-Tomales fault is almost straight. If a topographic map is taken, the fault will be seen at once by the valleys that mark it. Beginning near the village of Manchester, in Mendocino county, it runs southeast to a point near San Juan Bautista, in San Benito county.

In its northern part the Garcia river finds its course along the fault, while in

the southern part the Gualala does likewise. The fault crosses the sandy cape called Point Arena and enters the ocean, reaching land at a long rock-bound bay called Tomales bay. Passing the town of Olema it enters the ocean again at Bolinas bay and emerges at Mussel Rock. Here four thousand feet of the Ocean Shore Railway Company's cliff grading were destroyed. This is just south of the line of the city of San Francisco, and can be seen by walking along the beach just south of the Ocean House. From here the fault passes San Andreas valley, past the lakes of the Spring Valley Water Company, then up a depression called Canada del Raymundo, and up into a narrow fertile valley (called Portola valley, after its discoverer, Portola, first Governor of California); thence up Stevens' Creek, which it filled with landslides; thence up a tributary meeting the creek at right angles; across a ridge into Saratoga Creek, and across another ridge into Campbell Creek, draining its reservoir; thence across the redwood forests, diverging from the valley to the Pajaro river, near Chittenden, where the force knocked down a hill and nearly wrecked a railroad bridge; thence to the southeast of San Juan Bautista.

Foundations on sand or on made land sunk, often leaving large cracks, as was the case along Valencia and Howard streets. The Valencia Hotel was wrecked by the shifting of land which filled in the bed of the old Dolores Creek. Many landslips occurred in the Sierra Morena and Montara mountains. The Loma Prieta sawmill was buried under seventy feet of ground and a large tree now stands erect over it. The boilers of this mill were pushed up on the other side of the gorge about seventy feet. In the redwood forest many large trees were broken off and artesian wells flowed more freely for a time. A wet meadow of about half an acre was made three feet narrower, the owner getting three feet of orchard land.

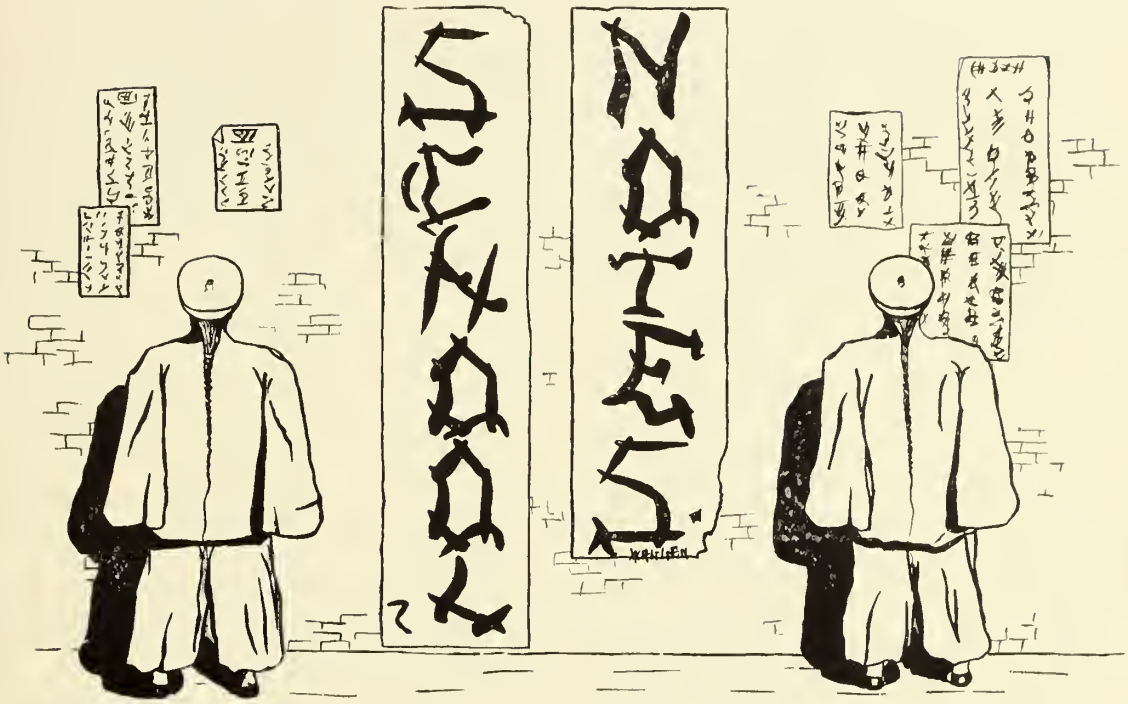
The earthquake of April 18th has no connection with Mount Vesuvius or other volcanoes, and was simply an adjustment of the surface like ninety-five per cent of other recorded earthquakes. The Tomales-Portola fault has been the cause of a good many earthquakes, and will be the cause of a good many more, but they will in all probability grow weaker as the time goes on.

The article of David Starr Jordan in the *Cosmopolitan* for August and the one of Prof. McAdie in the *Sunset* for June explain the various details and phenomena very clearly. Some of this matter is taken from their articles.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Zip! Boom Bah!

W. S. I. A. Rah.



Many of our older boys lost their connection with the school on April 18. We were left a few however, and, with the '10 class, the old school was started again on time in Greater 'Frisco.

The Bricklayers started in immediately to finish up the Lick building, which has been built by our boys. This building was started two and a half years ago, and has been built throughout by the "fellers." It stood the shake admirably, only showing a few cracks that were soon repaired. It will be ready for occupancy by the time the paper has gone to press, and then the Bricklayers will resume work on our own school.

The Carpenters have been doing very efficient work, having put in the floor in the brick addition, the sheathing on the roof, and stairs up the three floors. There are 23 boys in the shop. Mr. Grant explains this as a good omen, saying his boys can "go" some. Spider Welch is still on deck, and with a hint from Pete Rintoul, who is attending Lick, has succeeded in making the boys hustle. Holl, who is now a wood butcher, is doing something great in the way of cabinet work in the carpenter shop. Some of you fellows might get next and find out what it is.

The Electricians are still at their old stand, first door to left as you come in the basement. Say, do you know what they are doing? No? Well, they're filing blocks. Yes, that's straight goods. Some of the older boys are doing some outside wiring and putting in some motors and—oh, yes, they're working on the school phones. Mr. Felt has the

largest class of boys in school, but is slightly handicapped by having the harness department in his shop.

The Plumbers have been hustling putting on a galvanized iron roof. Say! Maybe you think they didn't hustle some. They had the whole thing on in eight days. Some small jobs have also been done, such as two large cans for holding boiled water and a copper oven by Trankle. Many of the older boys never returned to graduate, leaving Stromberg and Trankle '08 the oldest boys in the shop.

The cabinet shop is still where it used to be, and is keeping up its reputation. McKnew is working on a Probation Officer's desk and a Judge's bench, to be finished in oak. It wouldn't be a joke at all if he was some day hauled up in front of his own work. I guess, though, as Mac is a pretty good fellow, his only failing being—Oh! you know! Something like Spike and Babe. Two dozen maple chairs are also being finished, the whole shop joining in. They are to be for the lecture rooms in Lick.

In the chemistry department and physics room we have some changes. Mr. Belfrage has taken a six months' leave of absence and has gone up into the country for his health, and is living "next to nature," to use his own words. The place has been very ably filled by Miss Hesse, whom we have all learned to know and who is taking a great interest in student activities. We hope she may enjoy her stay here and never have cause to regret the time she spent in helping us poor dubs in getting something into our brainpans.

We were all glad to see Miss Edwards again in the old place when we came back, and were greatly entertained by her fine description of her trip abroad, which she gave us at the first rally. She gathered much data, pictures and notes, to be used for the class in History of Architecture.

Most of the old bunch graduated never to return to their desks in the drawing department. Hilliard and Lang are the oldest boys, and with some '07 and '08 fellows comprise the crowd, which is taking the architectural course. They are working on the regular schedule, the only diversion being to stick Babe Merchant and Dutch Holl with thumb tacks.

Did you ever guess how long it would take 34 fellows to put away 12 watermelons? Well, you ought to have seen the bricklayers. Mr. Werson furnished the melons, and they did the rest. Chandler ate the most because his mouth was biggest, but the other guys did about as well. Oh! such a stomach ache. Many lessons were neglected that afternoon, and they all vowed they'd kill the first man who said "melons."

In order to help the city government, the bricklaying, forge and part of the electric shops have been let to the Corporation Yard of the Fire Department, and we have a large list of new characters around the grounds. The men are a jolly crowd and take a great interest in the boys and baseball. Many exciting games have been played, the crack firemen's team playing the boys, and great was the result thereof. The names of Slat, Goat, Pipe and Fat are common among the boys, and we hope the fellows

will enjoy themselves while staying here, as we heartily appreciate their interest in us.

The Columbia Park Boys' Club has its headquarters here in school, especially in the chemistry room. There are several members in school who belong to the club band and take a great interest in the school band. The Park Boys go through their various drills, exercises and practices almost every day in the week, and Mr. Brewer invites visitors to see the work being done at any time.

Many of the old boys have visited the school, among whom are Egenhoff, '04; Appleton, '05; Sorensen, '05; Barclay, '06; Saunders, '04; Goldsmith, '07; Bare, '06; Watkins, '07; Walton, '06; Schwartzlose, '07; Kelley, '07.

We have heard from a lot of the fellows who are working outside. B. Tully, our '08 sprinter, is in the electric business in Fruitvale. De Camp and Sorensen, '07's, are working at a mine in Nevada. Holman, '06, and Heidenriech, '05, are bricklaying in Oakland. Goldsmith, '07, is at an architect's office here in the city. Appleton, '05, is in an architect's employ, getting along as a first-class draftsman. Pearson is also making good in an office.

Mr. Charles Fredson, one of our well-known students, who was elected business manager of the LIFE, was forced to leave school and go to the country on account of his health. He is now located at Healdsburg, where he is running an engine while resting up.

Booma Sticka

Booma Sticka

Soap fat! Minnie Cat!

Hoble Gobble, Razzal Dazzal,

Zip boom, Ah!

Wilmerding, Wilmerding,

Rah! Rah! Rah.

THE WILMERDING LIFE is published quarterly by the students of the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, Seventeenth and Utah streets, San Francisco.
Subscription rates, 15c per single copy or 60c per year.
Copies of this issue will be forwarded to any address upon receipt of 20c.
Advertisement rates upon application to advertisement solicitor.
Address all exchanges to Wilmerding School.

Editor in Chief
Mark C. Larkin

Associate Editor
E. C. Wallen

Business Manager
Geo. Holl

Art Editor
Frank T. Basset

EDITORIAL STAFF

E. C. Wallen	School Notes
J. P. Trankle	Exchanges
C. J. Hilliard	Athletics
L. Chandler	Jokes

BUSINESS STAFF

Chas. B. Gordan	Advertising Solicitor
J. Masson	Subscription Manager

ART STAFF

F. T. Bassett	Artist
E. C. Wallen	Artist
M. C. Larkin	Artist
H. A. Hertenstein	Photographer

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS.

To establish a successful system for managing student enterprises should be the aim of every student body. That the condition of our organization can be bettered is a fact that I will endeavor to prove. Our great weakness lies in the fact that we have no leading organization; that is, no head to our different departments of school activities; our system is not thorough. We should organize into a body of "Associated Students" and let this organization include every student in school. All other enterprises should be considered minor organizations and should be subject, to a certain extent, to the rules of the "Asociated Students." A president, secretary, treasurer and all others officers necessary to conduct the business of such an association should be elected from the students at large. An assessment for dues should be fixed. The association should be allotted the power to organize all minor activities, such as bands, etc. Appropriations to help support these organizations should be made from the association's treasury fund. This would do away with the present subscription method. The financial condition of a body of this kind could be raised to such a standard that the dues of the minor organizations could be reduced. This would induce more students to join these enterprises. Thus, with a larger membership, the interest taken in school activities would be increased and success would be insured.

THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN

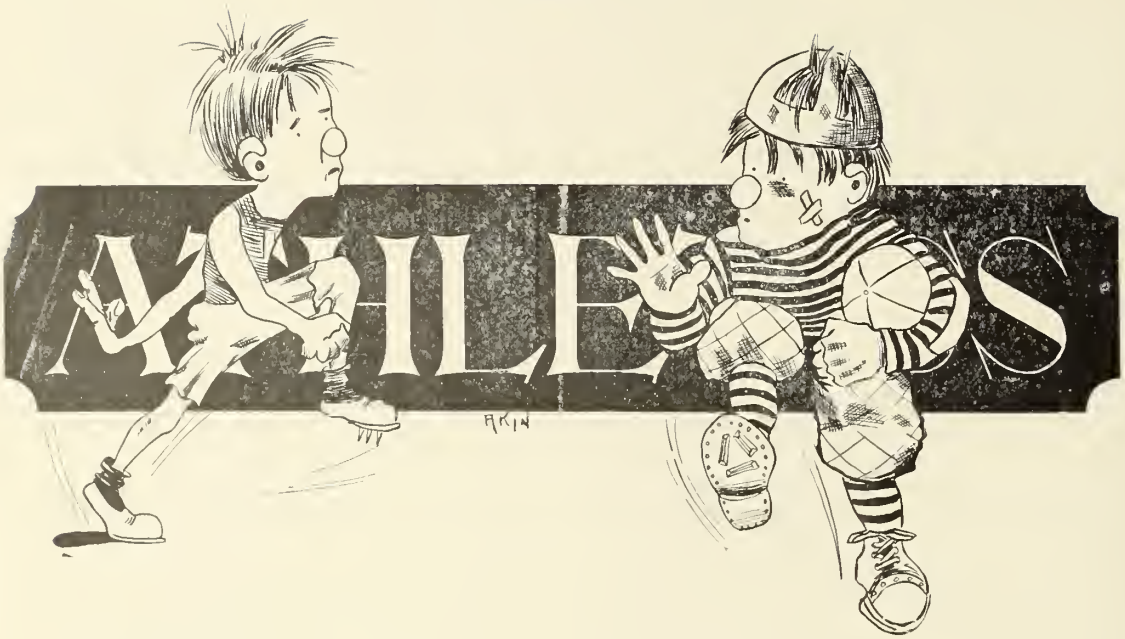
That high school athletics are entered into for both exercise and amusement is a fact that all will admit. Perhaps that is why the cross country race is introduced. Perhaps it is beneficial for a boy of eighteen years or under to run seven miles over the roughest country possible to pick out in this vicinity. It undoubtedly is amusing. Perhaps it does one good to use energy so fast that the body is weakened in generating it. Perhaps it is amusing to see a boy run himself down; to run until he faints—not once, but several times. It certainly does him good. Perhaps there is honor in running such a race. It certainly is not foolhardy. The prize-fight is condemned for its brutality, yet the cross-country run is upheld. Perhaps there is no brutality in this race. Perhaps it is not brutal for a boy to stagger and fall unconscious over the line, remaining in a stupor from five to forty-five minutes or more. The long-distance race is an event in athletics that people enjoy seeing. It is encouraged. They give medals and trophies to keep up the sport. Let us hope it prospers.

The race of next year will be made an easy one. There will be no barbed wire fences or precipices in the course, but it may be necessary to climb Twin Peaks, Mount Whitney or some other little knoll this side of the Rockies. It might be advisable to have the competitors run from San Francisco to New York and back as an appetizer for breakfast on the morning of the race.

The editor is not wroth. Oh, no!

W-I-L-M-E-R-D-I-N-G

Wilmerding, Rah.



Our spring athletic season was cut off in about the middle of what promised to be the most successful in the history of our school.

This season the boys have started off with vim, and we hope when the field days and football games start, the wise ones in the other schools will find that our boys are not far behind them.

TRACK.

The interclass field day, held Friday, September 14, brought out some new boys that with the proper training will make points in the S. F. League.

The following took places:

2-Mile Run.
Willison, R., Cabn't., time 11 min., 19 sec.
Wing, Arch.

440-Yard Dash.
Ashley, Arch., time 62 4-5 sec.
Cliff, Electric.
Braunagle, Electric.

50-Yard Dash.
Dallas, Arch., time 5 3-5 sec.
Chandler, Brick.
Braunagle, Electric.

880-Yard Dash.
J. Willison, Arch., time 2 min. 35 1-5 sec.
Coggins, Electirc.
Berg, Carpenter.

1-Mile Run.
Wing, Arch., time 5 min. 34 sec.
De Font, Cabn't.
Kellogg, Electric.

100-Yard Dash.
Dallas, Arch., time 11 4-5 sec.
Grinsell, Cabn't.
Chandler, Brick.

120-Yard Low Hurdles.
Grinsell, Cabn't., time 16 1-5 sec.
Towbridge, Brick.
Wallen, Art.

220-Yard Dash.
Grinsell, Cabn't., time 30 sec.
Schwartz, Brick.

Relay, One-Half Mile.
A., 1 min. 51 4-5 sec.
Brick.
Electric.
High Jump.
J. Willison, Arch, 5 ft.
Baumbaugh, Carpenter.
Chandler and Trowbridge (tie), Brick.
Broad Jump.
Baumbaugh, Carpenter, 19 feet.
Skelly, Brick.
Kimball, Brick.
Shot Put.
De Merritt, Electric., 34 ft 4 in.
Gore, Electric.
Trowbridge, Brick.
Pole Vault.
J. Willison, Arch., 9 feet 5 in.
Baumbaugh, Carpenter.
Kimball, Brick.
Hammer Throw.
De Merritt, Electric.
Muheim, Brick.
Wing, Arch.

The Architects won the day with a score of 51 points.

Rank.

Architects	51
Bricklayers	26
Electricians	24
Cabinet Makers	19
Carpenters	12
Artists	1

Points by classes:

'09 class	60½
'08 class	24
'10 class	13½
'07 class	16

Individual points:

J. Willison	15
Grinsell	13
Baumbaugh	11
Wing	11
Dallas	10
De Merritt	10
Ashley	5
Chandler	4½
Trowbridge	4½
R. Willison	3
Cliff	3
Coggins	3
De Fount	3
Gore	3
Muheim	3
Schwartz	3
Skelly	3

Dallas broke the 50-yard record of 5 4-5 sec. held by Douglass, running it in 5 3-5 sec. Grinsell tied the record for the 120-yard hurdles held by Davis.

A three-cornered meet was held Saturday, September 20, on the Alameda track, between Alameda, Lowell and Wilmerding. Alameda was first with 50 points, Wilmerding a close second with 44, and Lowell third with 32.

The coast record of 1 min. 44 sec. for the half-mile relay was broken by the Alameda team, who ran it in 1 min. 38 sec. Macaulay of the Alameda team showed himself a wonderful athlete. He not only tied the coast record of 50 4-5 sec. for the 440-yard dash, but took first place in the 100-yard dash in the very fast time of 10 3-5 sec., 50-yard dash in 5 3-5 sec. and second place in the 220-yard dash, broad jump, and third place in the high jump and pole vault, making a total of 24 points. This record was broken by J. Willison of our own team. He made the almost impossible score of 26 points. He took first place in the high jump, broad

jump, pole vault, mile, and second place in the hammer throw and half mile.

R. Willison surprised everybody by taking first place in the two mile, defeating Hammer of Lowell by 20 yards. Roy also showed up well as a point maker, taking second in the pole vault and third in the half mile.

The following won places:

100-Yard Dash.
1st—Reed, L., time 10 2-5 sec.
2d—Jackson, A.
3d—Sepulveda, A.

2-Mile Run.
1st—R. Willison, W., time 11 min. 38 sec.
2d—Hammer, L.
3d—Shattuck, A.

440-Yard Dash.
1st—Macaulay, A., time 50 4-5 sec.
2d—Perkins, A.
3d—Raphael, L.

50-Yard Dash.
1st—Macaulay, A., time 5 3-5 sec.
2d—Reed, L.
3d—Jackson, A.

1-Mile Run.
1st—J. Willison, time 5 min. 10 sec.
2d—Lee, L.
3d—Kochendorf, A.

220-Yard Dash.
1st—Sepulveda, A., time 23 4-5 sec.
2d—Macaulay, A.
3d—Perkins, A.

880-Yard Dash.
1st—Smith, L., time 2 min. 19 sec.
2d—J. Willison, W.
3d—R. Willison, W.

Relay.
1st—Alameda, time 1 min. 33 sec.
2d—Lowell.
3d—Wilmerding.

High Jump.
1st—J. Willison, W., 5 ft. 1½ in.
2d—Kries, A.
3d—Macaulay, A.

Broad Jump.
1st—J. Willison, W., 18 ft. 7 in.
2d—Macaulay, A.
3d—Hammer, L.

Pole Vault.
1st—J. Willison, W., 9 ft.
2d—R. Willison, W.
3d—Macaulay, A.

Shot Put.
1st—Scatena, L., 34 ft. 11 in.
2d—Frick, A.
3d—Merchant, W.

Hammer Throw.
1st—De Merritt, W., 83 ft. 7 in.
2d—J. Willison, W.
3d—R. Willison, W.

The boys who took place for our team were:

J. Willison, 26; R. Willison, 10; De Merritt, 5; Merchant, 1; Relay Team, 2.

FOOTBALL.

If the football team continues to improve at the same rate it has thus far, we are going to have one of the best teams in the city. Now that the League has decided to play the old game, we are going to show what our team contains in the line of football heroes.

Our team will not be heavy, but what we lack in weight we make up in speed. The new rule, which requires ten yards to be made in three downs will be to our advantage, as we have three very fast backs.

Trowbridge, our right half, was formerly half-back on the San Jose High

School team. He showed himself one of our best men on the defensive, and when we have the ball he is always good for his yards.

Merchant is one of the best full backs in the League, and with his punting makes himself one of our most valuable men.

Captain Braunagle is playing his old position of left half. He is not a showy player, but has earned his reputation by good, reliable, steady work.

Lieb and Willison are two ends that would make good on any team. Lieb played on Lick last year and was considered the best end they had. He was picked to play on the All Academic League team.

Willison has played his position for the last two years. His strong point is carrying the ball around the opposite end, and he seldom fails to make a good gain.

Woodward, our right tackle, is playing better than ever. This is his third year on the team, and in our practice games he has proven himself a tower of strength to our line.

Mr. J. McDonough of U. C. '06 has been engaged to coach the team this year. He has had a great deal of experience and is proving himself a fine coach. We hope he can give our school a champion football team, something we never had before.

Hitchcock vs. W. S. I. A.

Saturday, September 8, our team visited San Rafael and played a practice game with the Hitchcock Military Academy. Hitchcock failed to make their yards once, while our boys were able to gain at will. No score was kept, it being a practice game.

Our team lined up as follows:

Lieb, L. E.; Gillas, L. T.; Van Tress, L. G.; Stafford, C.; Skelley, R. G.; Woodward, R. T.; Knox, R. E.; Braunagle, L. H.; Merchant, F; Trowbridge, R. H.

Centerville 0—W. S. I. A. 0.

Saturday, September 15, our boys journeyed to Centerville to play the High School team of that town.

Before the game our boys amused themselves playing tennis, after which we were served a delightful luncheon by the young ladies of the school. During which speeches were made, among them two very interesting ones. Miss Edwards spoke on the multiplication table, and "Babe" Merchant about the ladies.

We started the game with a fake kick-off, by which we gained about 30 yards; two more plays brought the ball to their 15-yard line. Here we tried a place kick, but the ball was badly passed. When the ball was kicked one of the opposing players managed to block it. The ball rolled over the line and one of their players fell on it. This should have been a safety, counting 2 points for us, but was declared a touch-back.

They punted from the 25-yard line, and again we brought the ball back to their 10-yard line; here we lost it on a fumble.

This was repeated all during the game. When we seemed about to score, something always happened.

The game ended with the score 0 to 0. The features of the game were the quick formations of our backs and the punting of Merchant.

Their boys were greatly disappointed in not winning this game, as they expected to run away with us. They had the same team they had last year with the exception of one man. That team defeated ours last year 23 to 0. "This shows we have improved a little."

Wilmerding 12, Fruitvale High School 0.

In a game of football played in Fruitvale Saturday, October 6, between the F. H. S. team and our own team, our boys were victors by the score of 12-0.

The field was very slow, which partly accounts for the small score we made. We started the game with our fake kick-off, on which we gained 20 yards. From there we worked the ball straight to a touch-down on end runs and cross bucks, Merchant finally carrying the ball over their line for our first touchdown in less than five minutes of play. A difficult goal was kicked by Lieb, making the score 6-0.

They kicked off to our 5-yard line. Lyang ran the ball in 10 yards. We again started for their goal with end runs and bucks, but lost the ball on their 10-yard line on a fumble. Then they tried two plays and found our line a stone wall; they punted on the next play and we received the ball at the center of the field.

We again brought the ball back and had it on their 2-yard line when time was called for the end of the half.

They started the second half by kicking the ball to our right tackle, Woodward, who ran it in 15 yards. On a fake end run we made 25 yards, two more plays and we had the ball on their 10-yard line, then another fumble and we again lost the ball. Fruitvale punted to the center of the field. Lieb ran it in 30 yards and Trowbridge carried the ball around their right end for our second touchdown.

The ball was downed near the side line and we punted out. Merchant then kicked the goal, making the score 12-0.

They again kicked off to us and we steadily worked the ball back and had it 10 yards from their line when time was called for the end of the game.

The game showed a great deal of unnecessary fumbling by our backs, which cost us at least three touchdowns. Our line, though light and playing against much heavier men, showed up much better than we expected it would, and showed we have as good a line as any in the League.

Our team has entered hard practice and will be out every night under our coach, McDonough, until our first League game with Lowell, which takes place October 20.

S. F. A. L. FIELD DAY.

The tenth semi-annual field day of the San Francisco League took place at the Berkeley oval.

We all thought we would at least get second place, but Lowell, whom we had defeated earlier in the season, beat us by one-half a point. Cogswell came fourth, Poly and Mission were tie for fifth.

Golcher of Lick tied the record for the 100-yard dash, running that event in 10 2-5 seconds. Bell, also of Lick, broke the shot put record with a put of 46 feet 7 inches.

The boys who made points for us were:

J. Willison, 9; Baumbaugh, 3½; Grinsell, 3; De Merritt, 2; Chandler, 2;

Braunagle, 1; R. Willison, 1; Relay Team, 6.

Schedule of League Games.

Lick vs. Lowell, October 13.
W. S. I. A. vs. Lowell, October 20.
W. S. I. A. vs. Lick, October 27.

All ties must be settled before a team will be allowed to continue its schedule.

BASKET BALL.

Lick 12—W. S. I. A. 13.
Lowell 22—W. S. I. A. 18.
Corinthians 18—W. S. I. A. 20.
Corinthians 11—W. S. I. A. 13.
Poly 8—W. S. I. A. 20.
Lick 0 (defaulted)—W. S. I. A. 2.
Mission 19—W. S. I. A. 8.
Lowell 13—W. S. I. A. 16.
Commercial 11—W. S. I. A. 40.
Santa Rosa 18—W. S. I. A. 30.

On April 8 our team played the basket ball team from Santa Rosa High School at Y. M. H. A. gym. The game was exciting from start to finish. The score at the end of the first half was 12 to 12.

In the second half our boys began to wake up and threw baskets at will. The score at the end of the game was S. R. H. S. 18, W. S. I. A. 30.

After the game we entertained the Santa Rosa boys with a dance. The music was furnished by our band.

Standing of League Teams.

Team.	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Mission	4	0	1.000
W. S. I. A.	3	1	.750
Poly	2	2	.500
Lowell	1	3	.250
Lick	0	4	.000

The team that represented us in the league was:

Lavell (Captain) and Patterson, Forwards; Hilliard (Manager), Center; Baunagle and Harris, Guards; Knickerbocker, Sub.

LAST SEASON'S BASEBALL

The Wilmerding Baseball Team of the 1906 season certainly deserves honorable mention in the columns of THE WILMERDING LIFE. It is another of the organizations which was stopped in mid-action by our late misfortune. If only we had been covered over by the cinders as were the baseball players of Pompeii years ago, Miss Edwards might have dug us out a thousand years hence and found us dressed in the Wilmerding colors and busily engaged in piling up the score at the Presidio Athletic Grounds in the good way we used to do, instead of in our present condition, practicing hard in the oval again for the good times coming. (The editor, manager and the English department disclaim all responsibility for the above sentence.)

Under Captain Pete Rintoul a good system of noon games gave very good practice; probably better practice than any other city school had. At the beginning of the season no position was settled, and our practices had to show the men. The inter-class tournament was soon over with 1908 the winner for the second season. Some of our practice games we won and some we lost; all were close in score.

The first league game was with Lowell. We won this game by a score of 9 to 5. Superior all-around work won the game,

—our team was certainly a better one. The next game proved a sad one for our hopes, for we certainly expected to make a better showing against the "Tiger." The Lick team, however, was in an entirely different class from ours. Our many strike outs and one lone hit off their battery show that they were far stronger and more experienced than our men were, and that the poor showing we made was not all due to nervousness. The score was 18 to 0. We had only one game more to play—that with Polytechnic—but we never played it. So far as prophesy is worth anything in baseball, we would have won that game.

Lowell, whom we defeated, won from Poly by the substantial score of 11 to 2. Lick played neither team. If the season had been finished there is no doubt that the rank of the teams would have been Lick, Wilmerding, Lowell, Polytechnic. Cogswell and Commercial did not enter teams; Mission entered but defaulted. We may claim second place therefore in the S. F. Sub-league. Better next time.

The 1906 team was as follows: Pitcher, Vitt; catcher, Grinsell; first base, Merchant; second base, Geldeman; third base, Chandler and Lavell; shortstop, Rowe; left field, Vezina and R. Willison; center field, Rintoul; right field, Griffith.

J. M. B.

Reunion of '09's Basket Ball Team in 1959.

Who said '09 was not a good class?
Just bring him around and we'll give him a pass
To Napa asylum or some other place,
Where people are crazy and stare in your face.

Our basket ball players were great in their day,
But now they are not very much, people say.
But then we can't blame them for slackening up,
As fifty years passed since they held their end up.

Now, there's farmer "Surry," that man to the right,
When he played in those games he made a brave fight.
By his side sits old Eaton; O! he was the sub
Who played in the game that gave Oakland the rub.

To the left sits "Dad Stadfelt,' whose hair has turned gray
From the thoughts of the days when he didn't get his way.
In front sits "Old Pat," O! he was a peach;
The goal that he threw just made the girls screech.

And now for old "Bronnie," that player of old.
His guarding was great, you may have been told.
He blocked many balls that would have gone in,
And worked very hard, which helped us to win.

So here's to us all, those players of old,
Who worked in the court and tossed at the goal;
And let us remember, although it is past,
That the basket ball team was the pride of our class.

'09.

NOTES AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

Rob. Easley was the first one I met. He had a pipe in his mouth and a pillow under his arm, but his hat and coat he'd left at home.

He soon got a job in a life insurance office but, having sold Kelley a policy, he went out of business.

Hilliard was a chimney inspector. A certain owner, an architect, doubting his ability to climb a roof and needing a boy, offered him a position as office boy in his office. Hilliard took it.

Fredson was painting a barn in Healdsburg when Kelley offered him a job as helper on a sand wagon. He took it.

The Willisons were at their old trade.

Larkin was keeping tramps away from his father's haystacks in Merced.

Mr. Brewer was looking for a good athletic field.

Braunagle was working on an alarm clock which had failed to go off on the 18th.

Knickerbocker was tacking posters for a Supe Kitchen.

Merchant was on a vacation. He got a job from Easley, who was building chimneys, but no sooner had he pulled the first bucket of mortar, when he slipped, took the mortar with him to the gutter, and again went on vacation.

Shawhan was drawing Gibson Girls but not with a pen.

Mr. Biggs went carpentering.

Miss Edwards stood where once did Caesar tread his feet.

Everyone had something to do.

Stranger in freehand room—O! my, is this the work of the children? We hope she looked further.

Teacher—Who was Mithradates?

Tungate—A man of massive frame who spread out all over Asia Minor.

Strangers get confused on being introduced to Merchant and Woodward. We propose to follow the old lady's plan of marking her mince pies, and label one of these young men T. G. F. ('Tis girl's favorite), and the other one T.G.F.('Tain't) girl's favorite).

Mr. Biggs to conversing students—"Stop your gas-piping!"

PLEASE, MR. JOKEMAN

The Jokeman threats great bodily harm
If pictures grim do aught alarm.
Should the boot be on another's foot,
Would the Jokeman backward look?

Now, Jokeman, don't be harsh;
The Bible says "Be kind."
Meet fellow students face to face,
And give no pain behind.

Love others as you love yourself,
And with the kicks don't be too free;
Do unto others as they should do,
And a dear, good Jokeman be.

HARD ON BILLY

"Now, Billy, go to the grocer's and get a quart of molasses," said Mrs. Merchant, as she handed him two good-sized jugs. When "Cupid" had gone I said, "Why did you send two jugs for one quart of molasses?"

"Well, you see, it is this way. If he has a jug in each hand he can't go dipping his fingers in it as he comes along."

FRANK RICHARDS, JR.

Why does Unsin stick to his job so long?

Because he handles the glue pots.

Miss Edwards must have had a sad time in Rome this last summer.

Why?

Because she says the seats in the Colosseum rose up in tcars (tiers).

McMULLIN, '09.

JULIUS CAESAR UP TO DATE.

Why rejoice? What tales of Graft brings he home?
What captives follow him to Rome?
Who hike on skates behind his Oldsmobile?
You fogies, you scabs, you bum chauffeurs,
You who tried to run the cars of Rome,
Know you not our Mayor Schmitz?
Many a time and oft
Have you climbed high on tottering walls.
To skyscrapers' roofs, yea, to flagpole tops,
Your purps in your arms and
Without a thing to fill your bread-baskets,
To see our Mayor Schmitz pass through the streets of Rome.
And when you saw his auto but appear
Have you not raised a universal shout
That has caused the Mayor to turn about,
To see what danger he might be in?
And also to see if Abe Ruef follows him?
And now you strew roses in the carmen's way,
Who came in triumph for Calhoun's raise of pay.
Go! Eighteen and a carfare (23) for you;
Go to your lawyer and from your insurance swindlers
Get six-bits on the dollar and
Don't come out to holler
Just because your cash has dwindled.

"BASSETT'S REVENGE!" OR "The Last of the Pie Fiends!"

Oh! Wallen is a pie fiend,
A pie fiend large and fat.
He eats pie by the yard
And also by the vat.

Bassett bought a pie one day;
He bought it just to draw.
But Wallen spied the pie,
And crushed it with his jaw.

Then Bassett bought another,
And fixed it up quite nice,
With a little cayene pepper
And a little spice.

And now our old friend Wallen
Has reformed and signed a pledge.
For his mouth was sore and hollow,
And his face was like a wedge.

WHAT A STUDENT SAW AT DETTLING'S.

Dutch Holl came in
With his hand on his chin,
To purchase a glass of milk.
His feet they did slip,
And he fell on his lip,
As one who goes down in the rink.
He rose up straight,
His face all agape—
And those who stood 'round him did wink.
He counseled those nigh
'Twas better to sigh
Than at a poor German to grin,
That for such a sin,
He would surely begin
To plaster their faces with pie.

A PICUS COMPOSITION.

A very pious lad stepped into "Dettling's Cafe" with a very pious look upon his pious countenance, and asked the very pious maid behind the counter for a glass of milk. He took possesion of the glass of milk and escorted it to a table and then, with a very pious eye, glanced into it, observing there one large, fat, pious fly. He began in a very pious voice to waft forth upon the rising zephyrs a very pious song entitled "Throw Out the Lifeline"—to the Fly. Dettling's most pious German waitress, who does not speak English, thought he wanted a cup of coffee and a sandwich, so she brought the same without delay, pious or otherwise.

Egyptian History says society was divided into three classes—soldiers, artisans and husbandmen, but Patterson says they were soldiers, artists and married men.

STUDENTS PLEASE PATRONIZE ADVERTISERS.

GANTNER & MATTERN CO.

KNITTERS

Formerly 22 Post Street

Announce opening of new and elegant store, corner Van Ness Ave. and California St. with usual complete lines of medium and high-class men's and women's Underwear, Hosiery, Sweaters, Jerseys, Bathing Suits, Athletic and Gym Suits.

Special Orders Promptly Filled.

Sunset Photo Supply Co.

MAX S. SHIRPSER, Prop.

Formerly 42 Third Street

Cameras and Defender-Shot Papers at Prices always Right.

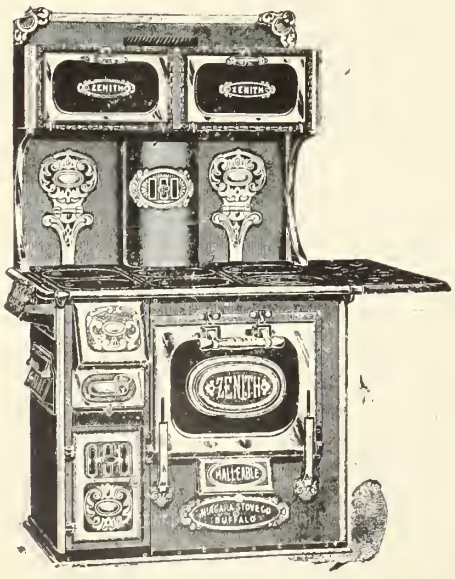
1125-27 VAN NESS AVE.
San Francisco

1262 BROADWAY
Oakland

Larkin (speaking to Wallen about a composition): "You have too many 'wells' in here."
Chandler: "Yes, he'll have an ocean pretty soon."

PHONE SPECIAL 1396

A. J. BRAASCH



Furniture, Stoves, French Ranges, Restaurant Supplies

We sell standard articles cheaper than other houses on account of low rent.

All goods and work guaranteed.

3188=3190=3192 Mission Street

SAN FRANCISCO

W. B. CLAWSON & CO.

. . . High-Class Printers . . .

1065 Washington Street

Phone Oakland 8933 OAKLAND, CAL.

Anklets to Order

MODERN SHOE STORE

Fine Shoes; Shoes Made to Order; Sole Agent for the "All America" Shoe; $3.50 to $4.00 guaranteed Patent Leathers.

Shoes for deformed feet a specialty. Repairing promptly attended to.

1196 VALENCIA ST.

Cor. 23rd San Francisco

Cordon (who is agent for Kimble's property): "Do you know what this is?"

Langindorf (who knows it all): "Certainly; that's a diamond-plated, gold fire plug."

We Make and Sell the Very Best Home-made Candies, Ice Cream, Ices

Also we have a complete equipment of freezing moulds for dainty and elaborate orders for Parties, Clubs, and Banquets.

Orders delivered free to any part of the city.

F. R. SCHWARTZ

Formerly 130 Valencia Street

Brush and Broom Manufacturer.

Brushes, Brooms, Feather Dusters, etc.

3263 MISSION STREET

Bet. 28th and 29th — San Francisco

Mrs. M. Beaumont

HOME BAKERY

1217 VALENCIA ST.

Bet. 23rd and 24th — San Francisco

Phone Special 179

GET A BICYCLE

Full line of roller skates and sporting goods.

It is almost a necessity to have one now and besides it's good, healthy exercise out in the open air. Fine to get to school on around the city when the cars are crowded. We carry a large stock for adults and children. Automobile supplies also. Still at the same old place.

20th and Folsom Streets

JOE HOLLE, THE BIKE DOCTOR

Customer: "Why did you take Oscar out of school?"
Mr. Vitt: "They were ruining him for my business. Vy they were teaching him that sixteen ounces make a pound."

Park Gas Appliance House

F. W. DELVENTHAL Prop.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting

(Registered)

Electrical, Household and Welsbach Supplies

618-620 Shrader Street

Bet. Waller and Haight

Phone Park 748 — San Francisco

Good Tools and Good Schools Make Master Mechanics

We are glad to help the mechanical student reach his goal by giving him the benefit of our tool knowledge which has taken years to acquire.

Our stock is probably the largest in San Francisco and we know your needs.

All standard brands are sold at the lowest possible prices.

Gregory Hardware Company

519-521 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

Near Van Ness Ave. Open Saturday Evenings

"Mick" Willison (having borrowed 25 cents): "Oh! thank you. Words cannot repay you for this favor."
Trowbridge: "No, I don't think they can."

MISSION BICYCLE and SPORTING GOODS STORE

Bicycle repairing and supplies. Skates, Tennis Rackets, Footballs, Ammunition, Base Ball Bats and Gloves, and many other kinds of sporting goods for sale.

J. W. CARNELL **1104 Valencia Street, Near 24th**

Mission Jewelry Co.

Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry, School and Fraternity Pins

Fine Watch Repairing.

1961 Mission Street **Near 16th**

Painting, Tinting
Polishing

Residence
No. 14 Vicksburg St.
Phone Church 5117

G. POSTLER

Painter and Decorator
Only first-class work figured on

3247 19th St. **Phone Capp 601**
Howard and Folsom **San Francisco**

Park Hardware and Plumbing Co.

Household Goods, Plumbing, Glazing, Electrical Work and all kinds of jobbing.

1426 Haight Street

Telephone Page 8616 Near Masonic Ave.,

New Depot Pharmacy

1375 VALENCIA STREET

Pure Drugs Popular Prices

J. H. WINTERS, Proprietor

Phone Scott 240

GENDAR'S

Manufacturers of

French and Home Made Candies, Ices and Ice Cream

Formerly at 948 and 1036 Bush Street

1804 DEVISADERO ST. San Francisco

Mechanic's Clothing Store

CHAS. KALINSKY

Dealer in

Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Valises, etc.

2846-2848 MISSION STREET

Between 24th and 25th Streets

San Francisco

Mr. Brewer: "One foot of lumber costs 17c; figure the cost of 10,000 feet."

Carpenter Apprentice: "$5.10."

Bon Marche' Cleanng and Dying Works

One suit a week Cleaned and pressed, $1.50 per month; to introduce our pressed work and contract system. Single suits $1.00. Work called for and delivered free of charge.

Phone Park 420

1591 HAIGHT ST.

886 VAN NESS AVENUE

Between Ellis and Eddy Streets

HATTERS AND HABERDASHERS

You always want the best: in fact there is none too good for you. Please call on us, and you will be pleased.

Phone Page 5081

Columbia and Rambler BICYCLES Cleveland and Tribune

C. M. CHRISTOFFER

City Agent

528 Stanyan Street

Established 1892

SAN FRANCISCO

REINHART

Lumber and Planing Mill Company

Dealers in Oregon Pine, Sugar Pine, White Pine, Spruce and Redwood Lumber

Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Fixtures and General Millwork

Factory Yard and Office
17th and Kansas Sts.

Tel. Special 1057
SAN FRANCISCO

Mr. Biggs: "That's all right, Gordon. Now try something else that's hard. You're quite an artist."

Gordon (absently arranging ad. cards): "Yes, those were easy places; there are some hard ones yet, though."

Mechanic's Tools, Hardware, Cutlery

Sporting Goods

G. M. HISKMAN

MISSION AND 29th ST.

Residence 146 Carl St.
Tel. Grove 124

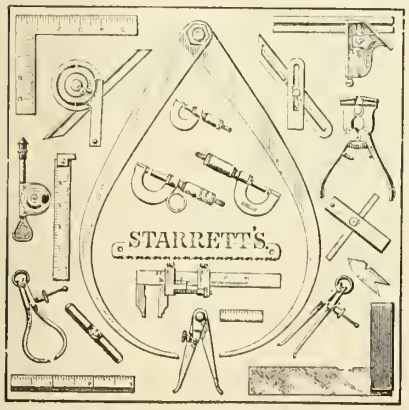
Office and Store
464 Golden Gate Ave.

H. MAUNDSELL

Painter

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes and Mixed Paints

SAN FRANCISCO



THE TOOL STORE

ED JONES

Tools Hardware and Cutlery

1466 MARKET ST.

Tel. Special 995

Near 8th

Eugene Dietzgen Co.

Drawing Materials, Surveying Instruments, Blue Printing

Main Store 35-37 Fourth St. SAN FRANCISCO

R. N. NASON & CO.

. . . Paint and Oil Maker . . .

Are now running full, making their high-grade Paints, colors and stains.

They sell, Tamm & Nolans Varnishes, Crown Lubricating Oils and Greases.

The new finish. Brushes, Colors, Glass, etc.

Potrero Ave., 15th and Utah Sts. SAN FRANCISCO

Wing (drum player): "Say, Holl, isn't it great to play in the band?"
Dutch Holl: "Yes, but I would rather sit in the audience and watch myself play."

Miss Edwards (in English Room): "Chandler, what was Hannibal's father's name?"
Chandler: "H—ha—er—Hash—I don't know, but it begins with 'H.'"

Mr. Brewer (to two of the infant students): "Now, boys, don't stay in the water too long."
Boys: "Why?"
Mr. B.: "You may get wet."

Mr. Werson to one of the freshies: "Say, fix up that 'trig.'
The Scrub: "Don't know how."
Mr. W.: "Why?"
Boy: "I have only studied algebra."

Braunagle and Wallen were having a heated discussion about the strike, when Mr. Biggs exclaimed: "Braunagle! Raise that window, it is getting too warm in here."

C. SCHWAB G. CAMPI

All kinds of Electrical work and Repairing

CAMPI'S ELECTRICAL WORKS

Formerly Mission and 5th Sts.

ELECTRIC AND WELSBACH SUPPLIES

Electrical Novelties, Motors, Batteries, Minature Lamps, Lock and Gunsmithing, Cutlery.

2622 MISSION ST., near Twenty-Second San Francisco

Tel. Jessie 1789

DEL MONTE CREAMERY

M. Dettling, Prop.

Pure Country Milk Guaranteed.

Family Trade Specialty

386 UTAH ST. **San Francisco**

C. BAIRENTHER

New Twenty-second Street Market

Dealer in all kinds of

Stall Fed Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Lamb and Bacon, Ham Sausages

Twenty-second St. **San Francisco**

BENNETT BROS.

HARDWARE

Importers of Mechanic's Tools and Builder's Supplies.

541-543-545 Haight St.
Tel. Park 965

SAN FRANCISCO

1038 Mission St.
Tel. Scott 723

Macomber (trying the sterilized water): "Boo—that's fierce; never tasted anything like that in Berkeley."

Quality Tells

Wm. I. FORREST, Mgr.

FORREST FLORAL CO.

Artistic Floral Work of all Descriptions. Prices Reasonable.

Formerly 2568 MISSION

107 Powell **Tel. Special 2014** **2583 MISSION ST.**

HATS, CAPS, GLOVES, UNDERWEAR

TIES, SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS

ROBERTS and BAYLESS

The Men's Furnishers

645 VAN NESS AVE., near Turk **SAN FRANCISCO**

Fulton Hardware and Electrical Works

A. B. JOHNSON, Prop.

GENERAL REPAIRING

Stoves Connected. Paints, Oils and Glass. Electrical repair work our specialty.

S. W. Cor. Fulton and Devisadero Streets.

Phone West 3941 San Francisco

R. P. EASLEY

CONTRACTOR IN BRICK WORK

720 Steiner Street

Miss Crowe: "Well, young man, how old are you?"
Y. M.: "Fourteen, please ma'am."
Miss C.: "And what are you going to be?"
Y. M.: "Fifteen."

L. PAUKER

A Reliable Furniture House

For Carpets, Linoleum, Stoves, Ranges, Crockery, Agate Ware, etc. Restaurant Supplies.

2074 Mission St. Near 17th St.

G. DeLUCA L. DeLUCA

Stalls 10, 12 and 14 Fourth Ave.

DeLUCA & DeLUCA

Choice Fed Beef, Lamb, Veal, etc.

SAN FRANCISCO FREE MARKET

VALENCIA, Between 14th and 15th Streets

Prompt Service Phone

The San Francisco Hardware Co.
(Inc.)

Full line of Mechanics' Tools, Builders', General Hardware, Cutlery and Sporting Goods.

3069-71 Sixteenth Street

Near Valencia Street Phone Special 1585

Geo. Holl, the Shoeman

FINE FOOTWEAR,
BOOTS AND SHOES
TO ORDER

26th and Mission Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Jessie 1789

MRS. B. DETTLING

SCHOOL SUPPLIES, STATIONERY, BAKERY, LUNCH ROOM, FINE CANDIES. PIES TO TOUCH ANY FELLOW'S HEART.

386 UTAH STREET

Mr. Brewer (in Algebra): "If you have a two-pint measure with nothing in it and a bucket with nothing in it, how many times will you have to pour the contents of the bucket into the measure to fill it?"

Helgoth (busy with following day's work): "Once!"

Phone Page 5401

W. E. LEE, Prop.

THE CYCLERY

Renting, Repairing, Storage and Teaching

504 STANYAN ST. AND 1973 PAGE ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Agency for California, Snell, Reading, Standard and all other leading makes of bicycles. Cheapest place in the city for second-hand bicycles.

Phone Jessie 1783

Swell Sandwiches

H. HARTJE

DEALER IN

Groceries, Provisions, Wood and Coal, Hay and Grain

Cor. 16th and Potrero Ave.

San Francisco

The Hastings Clothing Co.

FOR THE

Correct Styles for Young Men

CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES, FURNISHINGS

The Hastings Clothing Co.

Van Ness Ave. At Pine Street

Mr. Biggs: "Have you your slip?"
Freshie: "No, sir."
Mr. B.: "Then you can't come in until you get your admittance slip."
Freshie: "How much is it?"

PHILIP NEWMAN

DEALER IN

HARDWARE

Tin and Agate Ware, Paints and Varnishes
Crockery

1430 ELLIS STREET

The Garin Jewelry Co.

COMPLETE STOCK

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry
School and Class Pins a Specialty

888 VAN NESS AVE.

JOHN McHENRY

ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER

3343 22nd Street
Capp 5092 San Francisco

W. S. VOY

GROCERIES and
DELICACIES

7 Guerrero St.
Near Market

ORDERS CALLED FOR
AND DELIVERED

NO BRANCH STORES

When you wear one of

Hermann's Hats

$2.50 and $3.50

Fancy bands our specialty

Hermann & Co.
1718 Market Str.
BET. POLK & VANNESS AVE.
San Francisco, Cal.

Established 1876

L. P. DEGEN BELTING CO.

Manufacturers of

Oak Tanned Leather Belting, Rawhide Lacing and Pump Leathers.

Dealers in

Rubber and Cotton Belting and General Supplies

Orders promptly filled.

New Factory and Main Office

17th and Folsom Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO

Mr. Biggs Wood not Grant the boys the favor of a speech upon Miss Edwards' motion because his voice Felt Worsen a Crow(e).

LOST.—Two false teeth at the Alameda Field-day. Finder please return to J. Willson, '07.

NICOLL'S

Pictures and Picture Framing, Photo Supplies, Artist's Materials

1854 Devisadero St. Near Pine

UNION HARDWARE CO.

Hardware, Mechanic's Tools, Cutlery, etc.

Welsbach Supplies Polk Street Prices

No Van Ness rent to pay

736 Polk St.

Phone Franklin 960 San Francisco

HEITMEGER CO.

Cream Depot and Delicatessen

Dealer in pure milk and cream. Ice Cream made to order in quantities to suit and delivered to any part of the city. Choice ranch eggs and creamery butter.

Southeast Corner Bush and Devisadero Sts.

Phone West 227 San Francisco

Phone Special 623

DAVIS BROS.

Prescription Pharmacy

Physician's Prescriptions, Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, etc.

25th and Mission St.

SAN FRANCISCO

MISSION DELICACY

JAENICKE & CO., Proprietors

Delicacies, Luxuries, Salids, Choice Groceries

3250 Twenty-Second Street

Corner Bartlett SAN FRANCISCO

The Mission Drug Co.

Dealer in

Drugs and Chemicals, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, etc.

S. E. Corner 16th and Howard Sts. Phone Mission 140

De Merritt: "Say, Kimble, I heard you had a gas engine to sell."
Kimble: "Yes, I'm the agent. They're swell engines, awful cheap. I make 15 per cent commission on them and the makers get 40 per cent on the cost."

Established 1872

Telephone Emergency 608

TOOLS

We wish to call the attention of all using, or interested in fine tools to our complete stock, the finest and most complete ever placed before mechanics on this coast. We invite all to inspect it whether to purchase or not.

ALEXANDER YOST CO.

Open Saturday Evenings

1435 Pine Street 1324 Polk Street

JAMES GALLY

Sanitary Plumbing, Hardware, Roofing, Stoves

Paints, Oils and Glass, Electrical Work, Gas Fitting and Glazing

419 DEVISADERO ST.

Phone Park 777 SAN FRANCISCO

If you want fine Tailoring

Or wish your old clothes made new go to

C. J. LUBIN, Practical Tailor

Also Ladies' Tailoring

Dress Well and You Will Look Swell

2425 Mission Street

Between 20th and 21st San Francisco

CLOTHER

HATTER

FURNISHER

W. A. McGINNIS

3264 MISSION ST. Near 29th

It is reported that Williams has ordered a new suit case. The other members of the football team think this is unnecessary, as with plenty of rope his old one will hold together.

SAGE HARDWARE CO.

Finest Line of Mechanical Edge Tools Ever

Shown in the City

Complete Line of

Builders Hardware and House Furnishing Goods

1462 MARKET ST.

Everything Photographic

KODAK and PHOTO SUPPLIES

Developing and Printing

CHAS. PERRY

20TH AND MISSION STS. SAN FRANCISCO

Fine Tailoring at Moderate Prices

S. HEINO

MERCHANT TAILOR

Suits to Order from $20 up. Cleaning and Repairing done.

1231 McAllister Street San Francisco

WANTED.—A good, reliable fraternity cure. J. Brewer.

GO TO

W. DAVIS & SON

Howard and 16th Sts., San Francisco

FOR

Fine Saddlery and Harness Goods; Vaquero and Staple Supplies of every description.

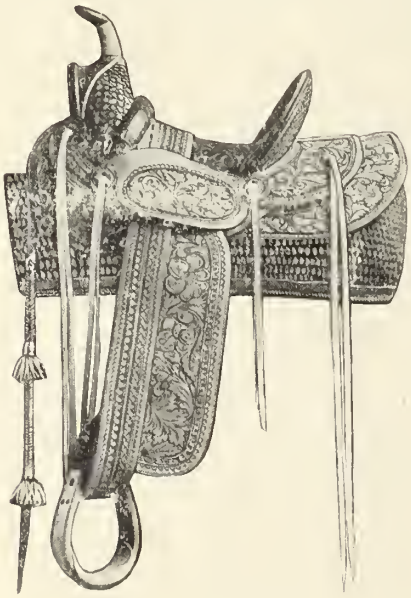


Illustration shows our number 346 High-grade Vaquero Saddle

Price $45.00

Saddles from $6 to $75 carried in Stock

Paints, Oils, Glass, Brushes, Glazing

Builder's Hardware

D. C. Longwill & Co.

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Tools, Kitchen

Utensils, Electrical Supplies

1965 Mission Street

Near 16th

SAN FRANCISCO